

SUPPLEMENT.

THE INDIAN'S DECEMBER DAYS.

The Indian summer's smoky veil
Hung o'er the hills an azure mist;
Amon the mild southwestern gale,
From Chin-tan-tow-wit's court dismissed,
Was blowing from the summer land.
O, pleasant were the dreary days—
Obscure, yet clear; that season bland
The Indians harvested their maize.

November's chilly breeze has blown
From regions cold where winter dwells;
Alas! the summer birds have flown
Down to milder parallels.

For winter, from the land of death,
Where oft the strange aurora glows,
Is hastening north with gale and snow,
From realms of everlasting snows.

And lightly falls the feathery snow;
He shows the gleam of the streams;
The ornate boughs to and fro,
While sunlight on the forest gleams.

The frost is flying in the air;
Obliquely shine the feeble rays
Of sunshine with diminished glare
During December's shortened days.

Fresh to renew our energies
Then Christmas comes with pleasant cheer;
Amidst the gay festivities
We while away the closing year.

*Can-tan-tow-wit—God of the Southwest,
from whose court proceeds directly the
southwest wind of Indian summer. (In-
dian tradition.)—195.

AT THE WHIPPING POST.

A Scene Not Far From Richmond, Va.
—How a Negro Took His Punish-
ment for Stealing—Reformed In-
fluence of a Cowhide—The Thing for
Wife Beaters.

Correspondent: Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever see a public whip-
ping?"
"No."

"Well, let's ride over to Glendale,
Old Turner is going to 'peel' a victim
this afternoon."

I was at Malvern Hill, and Glendale
is about four miles away. As
we rode along the highway we found
ourselves in the company of
quite a number of negro men
and women who were bound
to the same place, and had the same
object in view. It was known for
a circuit of ten miles around that Lish
Taylor, a negro, had been sentenced
to thirty lashes for theft, and there
was a general desire on the part of
the colored population to hear him holler."

The theft was the taking of a hoe or
shovel—I forget which—from a farmer,
and the prisoner would doubtless
have been let down easy if this had
not been his second offense.

Arriving at Glendale we found half
a dozen white people and about seven-
ty-five colored citizens on hand.
Among the latter were about thirty
women.

"How far did you walk?" we asked
one of them.
"About 'fo' miles sah."

"And you came to see the whip-
ping?"
"Yes, sah."

"I shouldn't think you would want
to see a man whipped."

"Deed, sah, but I don't keer so werry
much about it, but my ole man am
lame an' couldn't come himself, Ize got
to tell him 'll 'bout it when I git
home."

Some of the crowd had walked
several miles, and nearly all of them
over two, and it was plain to see that
a whipping was a sort of a circus parade
to them. There was much speculation
as to whether Old Turner would lay it
on hard or not, and as to how the pris-
oner would bear the punishment; but
all dispute was finally settled by a lit-
tle, old squint-eyed darkey, wearing a
stovepipe hat with the crown caved in.

"Who's doin' dis talkin'!" he de-
manded as he mounted the steps and
looked over the crowd. "What you
say sayin' dis an' dat fur when ye
doan' know? Mass' Taylor am gwine
to better like a calf! Ize been right
dat myself, an' dat Mass' Taylor he
doan' go light on nobody!"

I have seen hundreds of petty offend-
ers sent to the jail or workhouse under
a charge of countenance. Of the
half-hundred murderers and burglars
I have heard sentenced I never saw
one of them "take on" as Taylor did
when brought down to the post. He
was a strapping fellow, able to
knock an ox down at a blow, and yet
he begged and whined and acted like
a baby, and was on the point of having
a real good cry when the hoots and
hisses of the colored people around
him acted as a brace. Still, he trem-
bled and cringed and exhibited actual
fear. If he had been going to jail for
three months his face would have
worn a grin of satisfaction, and he
would have felt himself a hero. A
large share of the crowd looked
startled and anxious, showing that an
impression had been made, and I
heard one man whisper to another:

"Fo' de Lawd, William, but I
woudn't be dar fur de bes' fa'in in
Virginia!"

Old Turner, as everybody calls him,
has done all the whipping at Glendale
for years. His face is neither refined
nor brutal, and I could not see any
change in it from first to last. He pro-
ceeded to lash in a matter-of-fact,
methodical manner. The prisoner was
ordered to "peel," and as he slowly and
reluctantly removed his coat, Turner
leaned against the whipping-post and
switched the ground with the whip he
was to use. This whip was a small
rawhide, about like those used with
a saddle horse, and had a suspiciously
red color for half its length. The
prisoner was slow about removing his
garments, and the executioner finally
took hold to assist him. Coat and
vest and shirt were at length removed,
and Taylor stood with only his pants
on. The thermometer marked 90 de-
grees where he stood, and yet he
shivered and shook like a man freezing
to death. His arms were drawn around
the post and his hands made fast at the
wrists, and then his pluck was all
gone. If his sentence could have been
changed to five years in state prison he
would have jumped for joy.

Old Turner wore the same neutral
expression of countenance as he took
his station and swung his whip for
the first blow. It was a pretty hard
out, and Taylor yelled at the top of his
voice:

"Oh! God! Oh! fo' de Lawd! but
somebody save me! Oh! Mass' Turner,
if you'll let me off I'll die for you!"

Had a prisoner shouted thus in a
police court in the North the spectators

would have roared with laughter. There
wasn't a smile to be seen in the crowd
around the whipping-post. It was a
warning which made men tremble and
women wipe their eyes.

"—two—three—four—five fell the
blows, and a boy 10 years old would
not have exhibited more cowardice. I
think he got it worse for taking on as
he did. After the twelfth blow I saw
blood on the prisoner's back, but when
the thirteenth had fallen there was
nothing revolting in a close inspection
of the flesh. There were welts and
ridges and some blood, but the simplest
remedy would heal the wound within a
week. When the last blow fell the
prisoner, who had kept a true count all
through despite his excitement, was
overcome with joy, and raising his voice
to its highest pitch, he shouted:

"Oh! yain't I happy! Oh! don't I
feel blessed! Oh! fo' de Lawd! but Ize
de gladdest nigger in de hull world!"

Every person in the crowd looked
upon the prisoner as a disgraced man,
and the chain of jail might have made
a hero of him, but to be publicly whipped
was quite another thing. Virginia has
few jails and some of those are always
empty. Michigan has to increase her
prison room year by year. The idea of
the law is to punish. In Virginia the
petty thief gets the punishment on his
back. In the North he is sent to jail to
idle away thirty or sixty days; to in-
crease his fat; to feel himself a hero;
to play cards and read novels, and to
come out with his hat on his ear. One
public whipping has a more salutary
effect on the class to which the victim
belongs than fifty sentences to jail, and
the records of Virginia, when compared
with those of any other Northern state
will prove the assertion.

A northern druhkard, or brawler, or
villainous wife beater, who cannot
pay a fine, goes to jail or the work-
house. In thousands of instances men
commit offenses in order to be sent
there. They live well, sleep well and
have little to do. In Virginia this
class of men go to the chain gang, and
are made to benefit the general public
and pay their way. Roads, ditches,
bridges and parks are built, improved
and kept clean, and the law enforced at
the same time. And the result is that
Richmond, with its 55,000 population
and the chain gang does not show one
sixth of the arrests made in Detroit,
with its 130,000 population and the
jail and workhouse. A bumper sent
to our work house gains from three to
five pounds of flesh in thirty days, has
a warm suit, a good bed, and live or
six hours' work per day. One sent to
the chain gang of Richmond lets the
first time be his last, unless he is a
chronic lawder.

At Alexandria the whipping is done
by the police, and instead of a post the
prisoner's hands are put through the
bars of a cell door and made fast. I
saw a white man get thirty lashes there
for stealing game chicken, and after
the affair was over he told me he
would rather take a year in state pris-
on than a nother thirty lashes. Our
snivlers may call it barbarism or
whatever they like, but Virginia, with
her chain gang and whipping post
laws, does not record the arrest of one
petty offender where Ohio or New
York records six.

Judge John K. Porter.

The fame attained by Judge Porter
as one of counsel for the great preacher
in the Tilton-Beecher trial, great it
was, will probably be exceeded as the
result of his being retained by the gov-
ernment to assist in the prosecution of
the assassin of the late Chief Magis-
trate of the United States. In the
Beecher trial, as it is called in short,
Mr. Porter acted subordinately or in
association with some of the best law-
yers in the country. Even under such
circumstances his industry and elocution
earned him an enviable notoriety.
He was particularly strong in in-
vective. No lawyer engaged in the
case made a more forcible use of the
weapons, so terrible in the hands of a
fluent and scholarly counsel, of sarcasm
and the direct assault of the man
who, according to his theory, had de-
liberately and shamefully sought to
ruin a great minister. So strong then
what an opportunity is given him now,
as probably the ablest and the acknowl-
edged head of the prosecuting lawyers,
to denounce the fiendish act of the
murderer who slew his country's head
and plunged the civilized world in grief.
Judge Porter is in the prime of his
powers, and the cause in which he is now
engaged is worthy of his greatest ef-
forts. He will doubtless be found equal
to the occasion.

District Attorney Corbitt is fortu-
nate in his associate, who is an adept
in criminal law as well as a most ef-
fective advocate. His capability in
both these directions was very con-
spicuously seen in the Whisky Ring
trials at St. Louis. Judge Porter has
his office in New York city.

Up a Tree.

A Georgia paper tells an amusing
story of how an untamed steer troubled
several negroes who attempted to drive
the animal home to his purchaser. The
ox was driven from the pasture, and
started on the road for Crawford. For
the first half mile he gave but little
trouble, but while going down a lane
he suddenly realized the fact that he
"wanted to go back home," and made
a bolt for the drivers. They held their
ground till they saw that the ox was
dangerous, when an ignominious stamp-
ede commenced. One of the drivers
escaped by scaling a fence, while others
scattered to the right and left, but an
old negro named John Deadwyer was
not so fortunate. He was pressed so
close that he had to escape behind a
tree, when commenced a tilt between
man and steer. The ox chased him
around until his head began to swim,
but during a temporary lull, while his
steership was fighting a fly, John started
up that tree. But he was not quick
enough. The animal sprang at the
man, and caught his horns in his cloth-
ing. For several minutes there was
an exciting contest; the negro trying to
escape, while the steer did his best to
pull him down. At last, the hold of
the horn broke, and the old darkey
went up that sapling like a sky-rocket.
He was kept there for over an hour be-
fore the animal decided to give up the
siege and depart for home.

As the beast vanished in the distance
John yelled after him, "Is'e a member
ob de church, but ef you tink you can
skeer me, you's one big fool."

Whitelaw Reid draws \$6,000 a year as an
editor, and \$98,000 as a husband.

PRECIOUS METALS.

The Gold and Silver Coin Now in Circulation.

The annual report of the directors of
the mints to the secretary of the treas-
ury, now in press, contains in addition
to the customary details, statements
of the operations of the mints and
assay offices; much valuable informa-
tion in regard to the production of
metal in the United States and in the
world; their use in coinage of this and
foreign countries; their consumption in
arts and manufacturing; specie circula-
tion and an examination of prices
comparing paper and metallic circula-
tion for a service of fifty-six years with
the percentage of the yearly price to
mean staple articles, indicating the an-
nual variations in the purchasing price
of money; gold and silver received and
operated upon by all the mints and as-
say offices exceeding by more than \$50,-
000,000 the receipts of any previous
year, and amounting to \$226,225,522.46,
of which \$193,301,101.01 was gold,
and \$32,924,421.45 was silver. This
large increase was due to the con-
tinued influx from abroad, over \$95,-
000,000 deposited from that source
alone. The coinage facilities of the
mints were run to their fullest extent
in converting this bullion into coin.
Gold coinage amounted to \$78,739,864,
of which \$15,345,520 was in double
eagles, and the balance in coin of lesser
denominations. The coinage of silver
was confined to a minimum value of
the silver bullion required to be coined
by law, authorizing the coinage of

STANDARD SILVER DOLLARS,
27,637,955 of which were struck or an
average of about 2,300,000 a month.
Of subsidiary coin only \$12,071.75 were
coined, and of base metal or minor
coins \$405,109.95. In addition to the
coinage the mints and assay offices
manufactured standard sterling and un-
parted bars to the amount of \$100,750,-
750.640 in gold and \$6,242,282.35 in
silver. In the refineries 11,449,-
734.19-100 ounces of gold and silver
bullion were separated and refined,
producing 1,295,443,250-100 ounces of
standard gold. The purchase of silver
bullion for the coinage of silver dol-
lars amounted to 22,139,920.393
dollars, standard, at a cost of \$22,578,911.72.
This was obtained by direct purchase
and in settlement for silver parted from
gold. During the year \$17,706,924
were transferred for distribution.
The total coinage of dollars since the
passage of the act for their coinage has
been up to November 1, \$100,672,659
of which \$34,096,397 are in active cir-
culation and \$68,585,770 held by the
treasurer for payment of outstanding
certificates, leaving \$7,737,938 for dis-
bursements by the treasury in ordinary
payments. The net actual loss to the
government by wastage on the immense
amount operated upon during the year
was but \$12,204.16. From data re-
ceived at the mint bureau the direc-
tors estimate the production of the
United States coins during the

PAST FISCAL YEAR
have been of gold \$36,500,000, and of
silver, at its coinage value, \$45,100,000,
a total of \$81,600,000. Manufacturers
of jewelry and other articles and ma-
terials of gold and silver reported the
consumption of over \$10,000,000 in
gold and nearly \$3,500,000 in silver.
The assay office at New York delivered
to the manufacturers during the year
\$5,700,000 of gold in bars and \$5,100,-
000 in silver. Taken together they ap-
pear to indicate the consumption of at
least \$11,000,000 in gold and \$6,000,000
in silver, which would probably have
been confirmed had all manufacturers
that were addressed promptly respon-
ded. The director estimates that at
the close of the official year the gold
coin in circulation in the United States
amounted to \$440,000,000, and of silver
coin, \$171,500,000. These amounts
were further increased up to the 1st
of November and at that date the
amount of specie, including bullion in
the mints and assay offices, available
and awaiting coinage, was \$503,000,000
of gold and \$186,000,000 of silver, a
total of \$689,000,000. The silver cir-
culation of this country before the close
of this

FISCAL YEAR
will amount to \$200,000,000 and will
suffice for the needs of our people for
coins of the denomination of one dollar
and less. The United States has done
her part toward retaining silver as one
of the monetary agents for measuring
and exchanging values as was said
in the first of the report. Should \$50,-
000,000 of silver coin now full tender
in Europe, become demonetized, the
United States could not, single
handed among the commercial nations,
with no European co-operation or allies,
sustain the value of silver from the in-
evitable. From a digest of dispatches,
together with other reliable data, the
directors estimate the world's produc-
tion of gold for the year 1880 at \$107,-
000,000 and of silver at \$87,500,000,
and the consumption of the world in
ornamentation and arts is likewise es-
timated for the same period at \$75,000,-
000 of gold and \$35,000,000 of silver.
The estimated circulation of the prin-
cipal countries of the world is placed at:
Gold, \$3,221,000,000; full legal
tender silver, \$2,115,000,000; limited
tender, \$423,000,000; total, specie, \$5,-
759,000,000; paper, \$3,644,000,000. The
circulation, including amount held in
the government treasury, banks, and
inclusive of circulations, \$9,403,000,-
000.

Rats that Enjoyed Fun.

A good story is told by a lady who
lives in Baltimore, which shows that
rats have a kind of humor about them
at times which they will exercise even
to the extent of forgetting their plund-
ering propensities. In the house of this
lady was a child's rocking-horse and
every night the rats would jump on
the rocking-horse and start it rocking,
and rock it for hours, seemingly with
the greatest enjoyment in the world.

At first hearing the noise, the people
couldn't imagine the cause, and didn't
know but that the spirits had a hand
in it; but when they cautiously peered
out and saw the performance, it became
one of the marvels of the neighborhood
to see the rats in their gambols enjoy-
ing themselves, laughing and having
their fun rocking the horse.

Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye: "You are
on the wrong track," said the pilot's wife
when the hardy son of the loud-sounding
sea sat down on it and arose with the usual
exclamations: "No," he replied, after a
critical examination, "I'm on the right
track, I guess, but shoot me dead if I ain't
on the wrong end of it."

ALL SORTS.

It is with happiness as with watches
—the less complicated the less de-
ranged.

Never lend a borrowing friend more
than you are willing to lose if he can
not pay.

Manners are the hypocrisies of na-
tions; the hypocrisies are more or less
perfected.

Each man has an aptitude born with
him to do easily some feat impossible
to any other.

The season is now at hand when a
tallow candle can show as stiff a back-
bone as a broomstick.

The conductor's punch makes a hole
in the ticket, and the liquid punch
makes a hole in the pocket.

If a dime with a hole in it is worth
five cents a dime with two holes in it
ought to be worth ten cents.

There are some who fail to get rich
and so die poor; there are others who
fail in order to get rich and succeed.

An advertiser in Texas calls for "an
industrious man, as a boss hand over
5,000 head of sheep, that speak Spanish
fluently."

"Two hearts that beat has won," as
Fenderson remarked when he heard
that Robinson was about to marry his
second wife.

President Arthur was once a school-
master. Some of the office-holders an-
xious to know whether they are to be
"kept in."

"I say Jones, how did your book
come out?" Jones—"It came out all
right, but it hasn't sold worth a cent
since it came out."

The new revision calls it by the less
terrifying name of Hades, and now a
Southern editor mildly terms it "the
Southern hereafter."

A Texas judge knocked six months
off a ninety-nine year sentence in order
to show the prisoner's friends that he
was willing to give him a chance.

"What a fine, protuberant forehead
your baby has, Mrs. Jones! Did he get
it from his father?" "No," replied
Mrs. Jones: "he got it from a fall down
stairs."

Boston has this year shipped 2,000
barrels of rum to African ports, and
will probably declare herself "off" on
further missionary work for some time
to come.

The government has finally secured a
cannon which will throw a ball twelve
miles, and the next thing is to bring on
a war somewhere within twelve miles
of the cannon.

An Ohio man who owns the battle-
flag of the Forty-seventh Ohio regiment,
of which Garfield was colonel, has re-
fused a ten thousand dollar offer for
the relic of the war.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach
of promise, and proved him such a
mean scoundrel that the jury decided
that she ought to pay him something
for not marrying her.

Breakfast Table: Egotism and per-
sonal profit cover a multitude of the
alleged charity that goes walking
around this land at the head of sub-
scription papers for the poor.

An Indiana boy has aspirations for
the seat of David Davis. Although
but three years old he weighs one hun-
dred and thirty pounds, and measures
sixteen inches around the calf of the
leg.

Elmira Telegraph: Will you please
insert this obituary notice?" asked an
old gentleman of a Birmingham edi-
tor. "I make bold to ask it because
the deceased had a great many friends
about here who'd be glad to hear of his
death."

An old Scotch lady reprimanded her
pastor severely for walking out in the
fields on Sunday. The good man said:
"Why, my good woman, the Savior
walked out on Sunday." "Yes," said
the old lady, "and I never thought any
the better of him for it."

Texas Siftings: In our account of
the burning of the state capitol last
week we forgot to speak of the fire as
the "devouring element" and we failed
entirely to refer to the burning as a
"holocaust." The description of the
fire was written in a hurry, just before
going to press, which is our only
excuse for apparently slighting this time
honored phrase.

The London Lancet mentions this
freak of nature: "A hen at a house in
Lainfraye began to lay early in the
season, but after laying a few eggs
she suddenly fell off, and in time grew
very fat. Finding the fowl did not
lay, the proprietor killed it, and on
opening the body was astonished to
find two perfect chickens, with feathers
on them, within it."

Philadelphia Times: It happened
on a railroad train which was going—
well, it wasn't exactly a lightning ex-
press. The engineer whistled "down
brakes." "What's the trouble, conduc-
tor?" excitedly asked a passenger.
"Cow on the track," coolly responded
the conductor. The man was satisfied.
Shortly afterwards "down brakes" was
again whistled. "What's the trouble
now?" cried the same passenger. "Cow
on the track," was the reply. "Great
heavens!" cried the man, "haven't we
caught up with that cow yet?"

Not Used to Him.

The other evening a brush-street po-
lice-man heard a whistle shrilly blown,
and a female voice calling for help,
and after a short run he reached
the scene of commotion. A man was
getting up and falling down again
on the door steps, and a fe-
male had her head out of an upper
window, and seemed to be half scared
to death.

"What's the matter," asked the offi-
cer. "A man has been kicking on the
door," she answered. "This man here?"
"Yes, I thought he'd tear the whole
house down."

The officer reached out for the man
and made two discoveries at once. It
was the woman's husband, and he was
fighting drunk.

"Why, this man wouldn't hurt you
—he's your husband," he called out.
"Is that so? Charles, is that you?"
"Bet yer life's smee," mumbled
Charles.

"Then you really must excuse me,
Mr. Officer. You see, we have only
been married six weeks, and I do not
readily recognize him yet. I'll be
down in a minute, darling."

The Small-Bore Demagogue.

Just now being the dull season in
politics, it is very hard for an editor to
get anything exciting to write about.
This is a distressing condition to be in,
as every editor knows. We are pretty
much in that kind of state of uncer-
tainty ourselves. After the editor of
the party organ has chewed the end
of his lead pencil for half an hour,
without success, as far as obtaining any
ideas is concerned, he comes to the
conclusion he might as well give that
great public enemy, the independent
press, another raking over the coals,
just for luck. One might suppose, af-
ter reading one of these editorials, that
the independent press was to blame
for the high price of fuel last winter,
or the now recent burning of the Cap-
itol. Having nothing in particular to
write about, we have determined to
furnish a description of the average
demagogue, the paramount potentate
of the political ring, a living character,
who is disagreeably familiar, more
particularly about election day, with
everybody who has a vote.

Physically, the political hawsh is
not gotten up to politics. His face is
not as much aglow with heaven-born
enthusiasm for the just cause of the
people, as it is with the glow that may
safely be attributed to an inferior
article of whisky. He rarely pays
much attention to his clothing, partly
because they are not his own, being
only borrowed to keep up appearances,
partly because his time is so com-
pletely taken up with matters of great
political import, that it would be con-
trary to his conceptions of his duties
as a patriot to squander any time or
energy in removing grease spots, or
manipulating a clothes brush. He is
so completely absorbed in discussing
the financial policy of the secretary of
the treasury, and demonstrating the
pernicious effect of that official's in-
financial plans on the industries of the
country, that he never thinks of ex-
pendng a borrowed nickel in having his
own boots (also borrowed very likely)
properly shined up.

The average pot-horse mogul of
small calibre—for this is the particular
bore we are now describing, is the vic-
tim of many strange hallucinations.
One of his most cherished delusions is
that he is indispensable. He has an
undefined sort of suspicion that the
perpetuity of the entire planetary sys-
tem, somehow or other, rests on him.
But when it comes to the party, whose
misfortune it is to have him claim it
as his own, he is positive that without
his sage counsel, it would resolve itself
into chaos. It is almost impossible for
the small bore demagogue to believe
that his party could survive a single
campaign, in case he should make a
preferred creditor of nature, and pay
the debt he owes her—the only debt,
by the way, he ever is expected to pay.
If, however, as occasionally happens,
he draws a salary from some office he
has secured by sheer persistency in
boring the delegates and voters, the
more offensively positive is he that he,
and he alone, is supporting the party,
whereas the truth is, that it is the
party that is supporting him. Instead
of his being a modern Atlas, with the
whole world on his shoulders, he, him-
self, is a public burden, grievous to be
borne. He wanders about in an aim-
less kind of way, never, however, allow-
ing himself to stray far away from his
free lunch route like an evil spirit,
seeking rest, but finding none, nor al-
lowing anybody else to find any. He
will halt gentlemen on the public high-
way, and, unless they seek safety in
flight, or offer him actual violence—he
takes no gentler hint—he will inflict
on such victim, in a whiskey laden
whisper, a whole volume of stale po-
litical lore and decayed campaign rub-
bish.

In regard to the actual services the
small bore politician has rendered his
party, there will be an honest differ-
ence of opinion. There is reason to
believe that the diminutive profession-
al demagogue, and postulant for pap,
does more to cause the respectable elec-
tion of his party to go over *en masse*
to the opposition, than all the other
causes for dissatisfaction combined.

The shrewd politicians and office
seekers see that the unsavory, but en-
thusiastic demagogue, instead of an
element of strength, is in reality a dan-
gerous Jonah, who should be thrown
overboard headlong to save the rest,
consequently they refuse to fall down
and worship him as devoutly as he
thinks they ought, taking his zeal and
sacrifices for the party into considera-
tion. Finally they intimate that, in-
stead of being the life of the party, he
is in reality a destructive screw worm
in the body politic.

Occasionally, the small bore politi-
cian and his clique get into power and
stick with a tenacity that is wonderful.
The tax payers discover that they are
being robbed by a set of hungry cor-
ruptors who propose to keep on grip-
ping themselves at the public expense.
Men who have always voted the strict
party ticket fairly, yearn to officiate at
the obsequies of the regular nominee.
Then it is that the man whose property
is being sold for taxes lifts up his voice
and a rebellious hoof, and rails at the
small-bore demagogue and the pernicious
results of his success. An inde-
pendent wave sweeps over the country,
and the small-bore demagogue and his
friends are left high and dry by the re-
ceding wave.

The Bull Boy Took the Cake.

More than fifty years ago a very
good private school was taught upon
the Island of Nantucket, Massachu-
setts, by an excellent Quaker gentle-
man. Among the children who at-
tended, were two brothers, very unlike
each other. The one was slight in
form, graceful and attractive. The
other, his exact opposite, clumsy and
awkward, and withal dull.

One morning the father of these boys
called to see the teacher, and, in the
course of conversation, was told plain-
ly by the latter that the boy whom we
have called "unattractive," never
was mistaken, sir," was the dull reply
of the parent. "If you and I live we
shall hear from that boy." Both gen-
tlemen are now deceased, but last week
the boy was heard from. His name is
Charles J. Folger, and he is secretary
of the treasury of the United States.

The schoolmaster first mentioned the
incident when Judge Folger was made
assistant treasurer at New York—with
a quiet smile at his own want of dis-
cernment.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

A Veteran Banker's Warning to Depositors and Stockholders.

New York Graphic.
The recent Boston bank failures fol-
lowing so closely after the collapse of
the Mechanics' national bank has, in a
measure, weakened the confidence of
depositors and business men, who have
awakened in the fact that the presi-
dents and directors of many of the
leading banking institutions are but
figureheads," and to the necessity of
the adoption of some system of examina-
tion of accounts which will preclude
the possibility of breaches of trust,
large or small, on the part of cashiers
or other officials in the future. So wide
spread is the alarm, and so strong is
the desire manifested to secure honest
and capable bank presidents and di-
rectors—men who will devote their
entire attention to the interest of the
shareholders and depositors—that there
is no doubt that in the annual elections
now near at hand there will be many
changes in the directories of many
banks throughout the country. A few
of the old, cautious bank presidents of
this city who have weathered not a
few heavy financial storms, and who
are familiar with all the symptoms